

Good Morning 212

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"Oh Gosh!" Says Gordon

THIS is a personal message to you, Leading Seaman Peter Heather—the story of your home is another story for another day!

Gordon, your nine-month-old bouncing boy, is just starting to walk. He says "Da-da-da" to your father-in-law, and he yells at Jane for no reason at all.

Your wife, of course, is fit and happy, and is delighted that Gordon is so much like you. His blue eyes are changing to brown now, and although he has only a few teeth, he is very fond of his food. His greatest fancy, naturally, is milk or orange juice, but if there is any rum about the house he yells for it in no uncertain manner—or so we thought!

Your wife has made up the home since you have been away, and it seems the future for you, Peter, is a good thing to look forward to—a happy home, a charming wife and lovely baby, numerous friends, and not-to-be-forgotten evenings out at the South Parade Pier, Portsmouth.

Your wife is counting on hearing you singing there again in the very near future. She is sharing your hopes of a dance band after the war, too.

Have you heard from your mother recently? We learn that she has given up her position in the Portsmouth City Police to accept a permanent appointment at headquarters.

Len Ratley called to see her the other day; he is also in the Navy, and is married, with a baby son.

Harold is expected home soon on his first R.A.F. leave. He is quite cheerful and not having too bad a time.

A CHEERFUL GREETING TO L.S. PETER HEATHER



Call Boy says

MARY BETH HUGHES ALWAYS GOT BREAKS

EVERY family has at least one tradition of glamour.

In the family of Mary Beth Hughes they brag of the time Mary Beth's grandmother acted on the stage with Ethel Barrymore, many, many years ago. That claim to family fame was one of the things responsible for Mary Beth originally training herself for the theatre.

Under contract but a few short months to 20th Century-Fox, the studio thought well enough of her to choose her for the lead opposite Barrymore in "The Great Profile," his first film appearance in over a year and a half.

Mary Beth woke up the next morning to find herself hailed as the greatest cinematic find of the season. By lucky circumstance it was at this precise moment that the 20th Century-Fox was preparing for the production of "The Great Profile," and had come to the point of worrying about whom they could get to play the very meaty role of the woman in the case.

The acclaim which Mary Beth Hughes had awakened in the Press and the studio's own pleasure over the performance she had turned in made her the logical candidate for the new role.

"Breaks seem to come to me that way," Mary Beth said. "No matter how much I may work for something, it is always a freak of fortune that turns the trick."

"It was that way when I came to Hollywood and tried to get into pictures—in fact, into any sort of a job. When it finally happened it was sheer accident."

Mary Beth had made the rounds of Hollywood studios for months. There was nothing doing, and no one seemed the least bit interested in her. Money was getting low when Mary Beth saw an ad. for new girls for Earl Carroll's night club show.

She had studied dancing for eleven years, so figured that she had better give up the idea

of movies and get a job that would keep her in food. But there were hundreds of girls who had the same idea, and Mary Beth Hughes was not among those chosen. Earl Carroll was very kind to her and told her to come back some other time, but she had heard that story before.

There was a palatial-looking automobile outside of the club when Mary Beth came out. With some other girls, she went over to give it closer inspection. While she was looking at the car, a tall, middle-aged, well-dressed stranger stepped over and said that he wanted to talk to her.

She had heard tales about men who accost girls in Hollywood, and her first instinct was to back away. When he became insistent, saying that he was a

seem small beside the £30,000 a year, and even more, earned by celebrated counsel at the height of their powers.

But it is large compared with the few guineas a barrister generally makes during the first few years of his career. There are about 30,000 barristers and solicitors, and their average income has been estimated at £500 a year each.

The High Court is only a small part of the machinery of justice. County Courts, Assizes, Quarter Sessions and Police Courts bring the cost up to about £2,300,000 a year. Fines help to meet it, but only to the tune of three-quarters of a million.

Fines vary from 2s. 6d. to £100,000. The biggest fines are generally for financial offences. But some years ago it was revealed that a tobacco dealer had paid over £16,000 for various offences in the course of four years.

The cost of going to law depends upon whether you want the best service. Court fees are a small amount compared with 1,000 guineas a day for a distinguished K.C., with a sum equal to two-thirds for his "junior." There are instances of cases costing up to £100,000.

The lowest brief is £1 3s. 6d., and if you are without means, counsel is allotted for your defence, receiving £3 3s. as a junior, or a maximum of £15 15s. if a K.C.

As a "poor person," a High Court case will cost you two or three pounds. Some 96 per cent. of poor persons are successful in their litigation in the High Court.



A CLOSE-UP OF CLAIRE famed "Windmill" beauty

film agent and wanted to sign her, Mary Beth ran over to her mother, who was waiting for her a short distance away.

The man had forced a card into her hand, and actually followed her home. Mary Beth and her mother were scared. They thought of phoning for a policeman, but decided first that they would check up on the man's card.

TURNABOUT.

The agent immediately went to work, and four days later Mary Beth was signed to a contract. The Hollywood which she had chased for so long without any luck had finally turned around and chased her. It was the beginning of what would turn out to be a run of success for the blonde St. Louis girl.

Mary Beth's career didn't come about by just wishing for it. She had put in a lot of hard work preparing herself for it, in emulation and with the encouragement of her grandmother.

Born Mary Elizabeth Hughes on November 13, 1919, the family moved to St. Louis when Mary Beth was three years old.

Her grandmother ultimately took Mary Beth to Washington, and there the young girl entered in the Holy Cross Academy. Shortly before she was graduated from the Academy she enrolled in a dramatic school run by Clifford Brooks in conjunction with his theatrical stock company.

"There wasn't much chance for me to get to Hollywood," Mary Beth said. "We had very little money, so we had to live with an aunt of mine who had married a sea captain and was living in San Pedro, about thirty miles from Hollywood."

"It was several months before we were able to move to Hollywood, and then I started to make the rounds of the studios. That was really a heartbreaking proposition. I was cold shouldered everywhere I went. No one was interested, and I was utterly discouraged."

"I had given it up as a bad job when I tried to get in the Earl Carroll show. That was when I met the stranger who chased me and got me into pictures before I knew what was happening."

OVER TO FOX.

But that was not the happy ending in the story of Mary Beth Hughes' struggle to establish herself in Hollywood. She had signed a six-month contract with M.G.M.—and that was the length of time she lasted there. She admits that that six months was not a very happy period in her life.

Later, she went over to 20th Century-Fox under a seven-year deal.

They didn't wait long until they put her to work.

Almost as soon as she moved over she was cast in "Free, Blonde and 21," in a good but relatively minor role. Studio executives and directors who saw her in this all remarked about her striking personality, which seems to come out of the screen and grab hold of you.

Immediately after finishing this picture she was given another role, this time as the blonde menace in "Star Dust." The latter role clinched things as far as the studio was concerned. They knew then that they had a real find and could trust her with any sort of role.

Mary Beth's struggle to establish herself as an actress, however, is not over. She feels that now is the time that she has to begin working her hardest. Her roles now are big, and she realises that she must not become self-satisfied and coast on her past successes.

To avoid smugness, she also avoids ostentation in her private life. She lives in a very modest bungalow in West Los Angeles, and drives a small car of ancient vintage. She keeps her tastes and wants very simple, and concentrates only on her work.

She is 5ft. 4in. tall, and weighs 120 pounds. She is a very striking natural blonde, with the creamy complexion and blue eyes which generally go with true blondness.

Mary Beth is no willowy wisp, but she has one of the most envied figures in Hollywood. Nor is there anything that she does to cultivate it. Outside of her week-end exercise, which is done mainly for healthful recreation. She has never gone on a diet, but eats whatever she pleases with a great deal of relish. It is one of the few luxurious pleasures of life which she allows herself.

PICTURE RECORD.

"Fast and Furious," "These Glamour Girls," "Free, Blonde and 21," "Star Dust," "Lucky Cisco Kid," "Four Sons," "The Great Profile," "Sleepers West," "Great American Broadcast," "Cowboy and the Blonde," "Blue, White and Perfect," "Night Before the Divorce," "Orchestra Wives," "Over My Dead Body," and "Strange Incident."

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry (1736-1799).

The £.S.D. OF IT

The Law

THE Law is one of Britain's big businesses, with a "turnover" of many millions a year. The £1,000,000 which the High Court takes from its "customers" in an average year is only a small part of this turnover. By far the larger part of this sum is contributed in Court Fees.

The Judges' salaries and pensions take about £170,000 a year. Salaries and wages of their secretaries, clerks and the many other officials, run up to about £350,000. There are a great many other bills from rates, at about £24,000 a year, to telephones, at £2,250.

But altogether the High Court manages to make a "profit" of about £150,000 a year. This sum, of course, goes back to the nation.

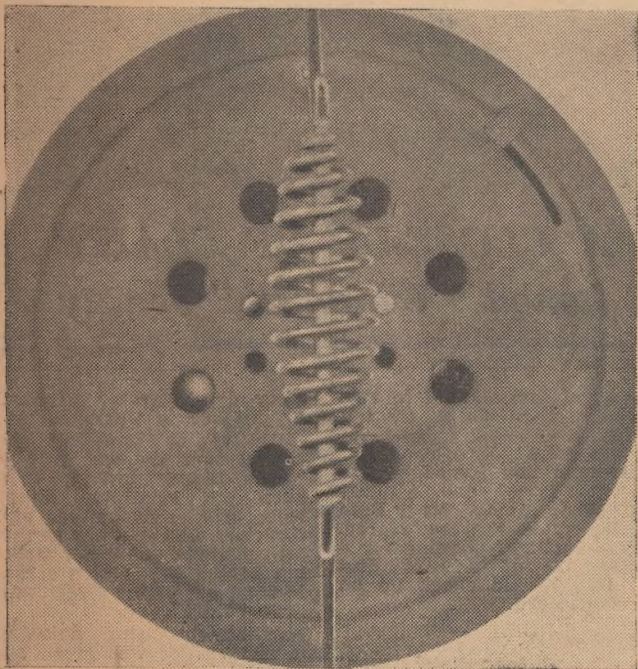
Probably in no profession are the highest and lowest earnings so far apart as in the Law. The £10,000 a year salary of the Lord Chancellor, with a £5,000 a year pension, and the £5,000-£8,000 a year of the other High Court judges,

Continuing:
HOW THE
BRIGADIER
RODE TO
MINSK

By CONAN DOYLE

"A MESSAGE OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE"

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 211: Stroke of an oar.

QUIZ for today

1. A bulbul is a musical instrument, sweetmeat, African antelope, bird, Turkish priest?
2. Who wrote (a) Our Village, (b) The Village Blacksmith?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Taxicab, Four-wheeler, Hansom, Victoria, Barouche, Brougham?
4. On what river does Winchester stand?
5. Of what wood are cricket bats made?
6. How many theatres, cinemas and music-halls are there in the City of London?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Contrapuntal, Ingenious, Ingenuous, Tergiversate, Nmemonics?

8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to a Midshipman?
9. Who wrote under the name of Holt Marvell?
10. What do the initials M.R.C.V.S. stand for?
11. What is the county town of Lancashire?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) From Dan to —, (b) From China to —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 211

1. Fish.
2. (a) Thayer and Maguire, (b) Michael Scott.
3. Bluebell is blue; all the others are yellow.
4. Butterflies' feelers have knobs on; moths' are pointed.
5. Boxer's "Floating Light" was a parachute flare used by the British Army in 1855.
6. 969 years.
7. Rosette, Paregoric.
8. Leading Wren.
9. Hero of a song in Scott's "Marmion."
10. Gloucestershire.
11. Two. "The Scoundrel," and "In Which We Serve."
12. (a) Williams, (b) Mason.

JANE



ALL night we rode slowly onwards, keeping our horses' tails to the Pole Star. There were many tracks in the snow, and we kept to the line of these, that no one might remark that a body of cavalry had passed that way. These are the little precautions which mark the experienced officer. Besides, by keeping to the tracks we were most likely to find the villages, and only in the villages could we hope to get food.

The dawn of day found us in a thick fir-wood, the trees so loaded with snow that the light could hardly reach us. When we had found our way out of it it was full daylight, the rim of the rising sun peeping over the edge of the great snow-plain and turning it crimson from end to end.

I halted my Hussars and Lancers under the shadow of the wood, and I studied the country. Close to us there was a small farmhouse. Beyond, at a distance of several miles, was a village.

Far away on the skyline rose a considerable town, all bristling with church towers. This must be Minsk.

In no direction could I see any signs of troops. It was evident that we had passed through the Cossacks, and that there was nothing between us and our goal.

A joyous shout burst from my men when I told them our position, and we advanced rapidly towards the village.

I have said, however, that there was a small farmhouse immediately in front of us. As we rode up to it, I observed that a fine grey horse with a military saddle was tethered by the door.

Instantly I galloped forward, but before I could reach it a man dashed out of the door, flung himself on to the horse, and rode furiously away, the crisp, dry snow flying up in a cloud behind him. The sunlight gleamed upon his gold epaulettes, and I knew that he was a Russian officer.

He would raise the whole countryside if we did not catch him. I put spurs to Violette and flew after him. My troopers followed; but there was no horse among them to compare with Violette, and I knew well that if I could not catch the Russian I need expect no help from them.

But it is a swift horse indeed and a skilful rider who can hope to escape from Violette with Etienne Gerard in the saddle. He rode well, this young Russian, and his mount was a good one, but gradually we wore him down. His face glanced continually over his shoulder—a dark, handsome face, with eyes like an eagle—and I saw as I closed with him that he was measuring the distance between us.

Suddenly he half turned; there were a flash and a crack as his pistol bullet hummed past my ear. Before he could draw his sword I was upon him; but he still spurred his horse, and the two galloped together over the plain, I with my leg against the Russian's and my left hand upon his right shoulder. I saw his hand fly up to his mouth. Instantly I dragged him across my pomel and seized him by the throat, so that he could not swallow.

His horse shot from under him, but I held him fast, and Violette came to a stand. Sergeant Oudin of the Hussars was the first to join us. He was an old soldier, and he saw at glance what I was after.

"Hold tight, Colonel," said he, "and I'll do the rest."

He slipped out his knife, thrust the blade between the clenched teeth of the Russian, and turned it so as to force his mouth open.

There, on his tongue, was the little wad of wet paper which he had been so anxious to swallow. Oudin picked it out, and I let go of the man's throat. From the way in which, half strangled as he was, he glanced at the paper, I was sure that it was a message of extreme importance.

His hands twitched as if he longed to snatch it from me. He shrugged his shoulders, however, and smiled good-humouredly when I apologised for my roughness.

"And now to business," said I, when he had done coughing and hawking. "What is your name?"

"Alexis Barakoff."

"Your rank and regiment?"

"Captain of the Dragoons of Grodno."

"What is this note which you are carrying?"

"It is a line which I had written to my sweetheart."

"Whose name," said I, examining the address, "is the Hetman Platoff. Come, come, sir, this is an important military document, which you are carrying from one general to another. Tell me this instant what it is."

"Read it, and then you will know."

He spoke perfect French, as do most of the educated Russians. But he knew well that there is not one French officer in a thousand who knows a word of Russian. The inside of the note contained one single line, which ran like this:—

"Pustj Franzuzy pridutt v Minsk. Min gotovy."

I stared at it, and I had to shake my head. Then I showed it to my Hussars, but they could make nothing of it. The Poles were all rough fellows who could not read or write, save only the sergeant, who

came from Memel, in East Prussia, and knew no Russian.

It was maddening, for I felt that I had possession of some important secret upon which the safety of the army might depend, and yet I could make no sense of it.

Again I entreated our prisoner to translate it, and offered him his freedom if he would do so. He only smiled at my request. I could not but admire him, for it was the very smile which I should have myself smiled had I been in his position.

"At least," said I, "tell us the name of this village."

"It is Dobrova."

"And that is Minsk over yonder, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is Minsk."

"Then we shall go to the

village and we shall very soon find someone who will translate this despatch."

So we rode onward together, a trooper with his carbine on either side of our prisoner. The village was but a little place, and I set a guard at the ends of the single street, so that no one could escape from it. It was necessary to call a halt and to find some food for the men and horses, since they had travelled all night and had a long journey still before them.

There was one large stone house in the centre of the village, and to this I rode. It was the house of the priest—a snuffy and ill-favoured old man, who had not a civil answer to any of our questions. An uglier fellow I never met, but, my faith, it was very different with his only daughter, who kept house for him.

She was a brunette, a rare thing in Russia, with creamy skin, raven hair, and a pair of the most glorious dark eyes that ever kindled at the sight of a Hussar. From the first glance I saw that she was mine.

It was no time for love-making when a soldier's duty had to be done, but still, as I took the simple meal which they laid before me, I chatted lightly with the lady, and we were the best of friends before an hour had passed.

Sophie was her first name; her second I never knew. I taught her to call me Etienne, and I tried to cheer her up, for her sweet face was sad and there were tears in her beautiful dark eyes. I pressed her to tell me what it was which was grieving her.

(Continued to-morrow)

WANGLING WORDS—167

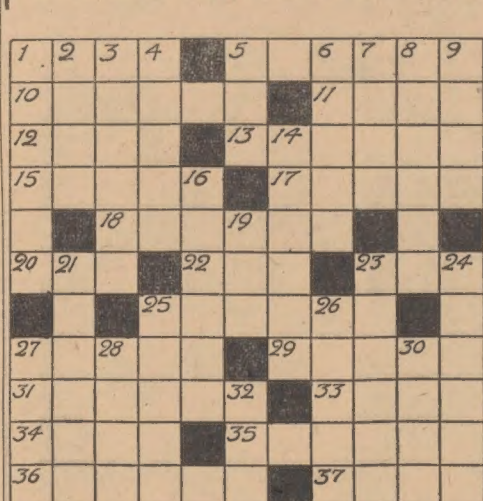
1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after R, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of MORAL GANG, to make a Welsh county.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SONGS into WORDS, SKY into FOG, STEAK into SWEET, WINTER into SUMMER.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WATERLOO?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 166

- 1.—SEAHORSE.
- 2.—WEDNESBURY.
- 3.—FARM, FIRM, FIRE, FILE, MILE, MILK, POLO, POLE, BOLE, BONE, BOND, POND, PONY, PRIM, TRIM, TRIP, TRAP, TRAM, TEAM, TEAT, TEST, LEST, LOST, LOSE, ROSE, MISS, MIST, FIST, FAST, FACT, FACE, FARE, FIRE.
- 4.—Were, Here, Wire, Rite, Tire, Tier, With, Thew, Writ, Weir, Hire, Wert, Lath, Hail, Tail, Wail, Late, Tale, Weal, Real, Liar, Rail, etc.

Their, There, Where, Thew, Whale, Lith, Wheel, Ether, Wheat, White, Earth, Three, Litre, Lathe, While, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER

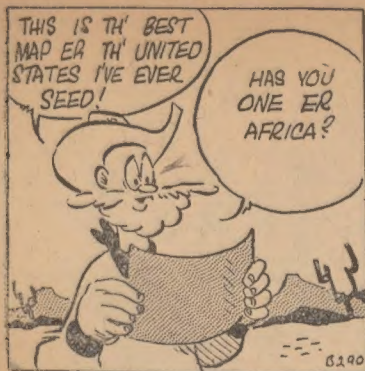


- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Floating structure.
 - 5 Jeers.
 - 10 Come.
 - 11 Whittle.
 - 12 Ground gain.
 - 13 Vinegary.
 - 15 Garment.
 - 17 Attack.
 - 18 Choir.
 - 20 Adequate.
 - 22 Thick coverlet.
 - 23 Tiny.
 - 25 Sermonize.
 - 27 Appellation.
 - 29 Set upright.
 - 31 Is the same as.
 - 33 Keep moving.
 - 34 Relative.
 - 35 Strong.
 - 36 Pale green.
 - 37 Units of work.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Stood on hind legs.
 - 2 Region.
 - 3 European country.
 - 4 Tillage.
 - 5 Ocean.
 - 6 Undoes.
 - 7 Oily substances.
 - 8 Decorative band.
 - 9 Denomination.
 - 14 American feline.
 - 16 Sour herb.
 - 19 Shrub.
 - 21 Unparalleled.
 - 23 Paler.
 - 24 Uses.
 - 25 Shallow vessel.
 - 26 Social class.
 - 27 Rend.
 - 28 Big casks.
 - 30 Warble.
 - 32 Health resort.

CROSS SCRAMBLE
LOP LIT EGO
OBTUDE SOU
U OBLATE G
TALC EMEGE
LION SAVE
FENCED SETS
L NOTICE T
AYE TROLLEY
ROT LEO AWL
ENSUE TEPEE

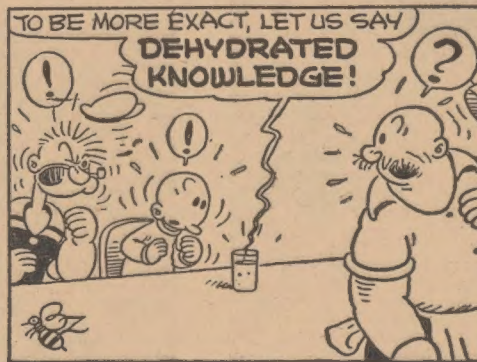
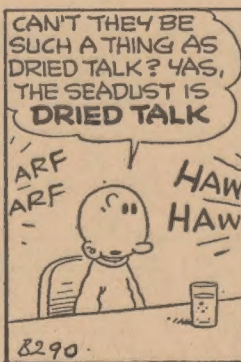
BEELZEBUB JONES



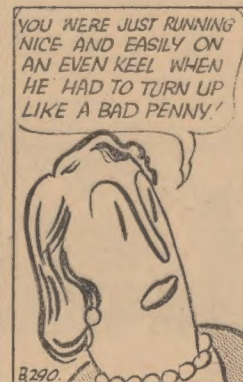
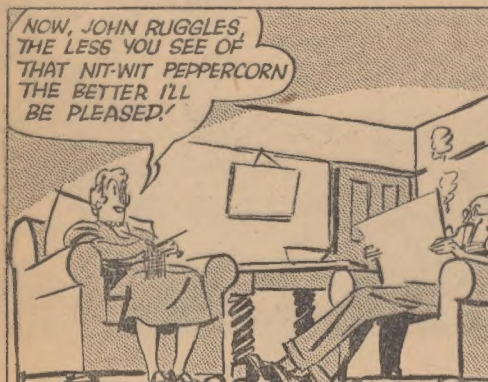
BELINDA



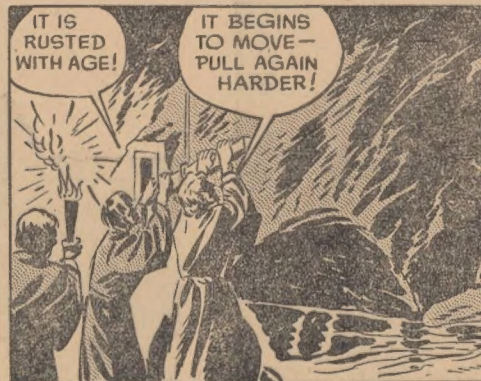
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 13

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY are among the elite of the football world. They have travelled all over the Continent furthering the cause of British sportsmanship, have millions of friends, yet, strangely enough, were formed by a cricket club.

Back in 1820 there was a Sheffield Wednesday Cricket Club. For several years they were a powerful organisation, but in 1866, when they found their members drifting away from them, the club committee decided that they should do something to keep the cricketers together during the winter months.

So it was decided upon to form a really strong football team. A compact little ground was acquired, but no matches were played on it for three months. The Wednesday actually spent twelve weeks practising together and acquiring team-spirit.

Their first season was very successful, and the following year Sheffield became "football crazy," thanks to a local theatrical manager, named Oliver Cromwell-no relation to the former Protector of England. With true theatrical enterprise, he presented a cup for competition, the winners to receive the cup at his theatre.

Mr. Cromwell happened to be manager of a team called The Garrick-after the great actor-and naturally hoped that they would win. But the Wednesday, putting up a wonderful display, easily overcame The Garrick in the final.

Soon the fame of Sheffield Wednesday spread all over the North, and when they turned professional, became members of the Football League.

Once the Wednesday met Long Eaton in a cup-tie on the Rangers' ground. In those days it was a copper gate, and the majority of the spectators had paid their entrance money in pennies and halfpennies. When the Wednesday manager went around to collect his share of the gate he was handed £4 15s. in pennies. He took back with him to Sheffield 1,140 coppers!

To ease the load, he gave them to the players to try and change into silver. Some played cards with travellers on the homeward journey, and did not do so well. Others, however, made up for their comrades' weakness, and the club arrived back at Sheffield with £4 16s. 5d.!

Many famous players have worn with distinction the blue and white striped shirt of Sheffield Wednesday, and the name of Jimmy Seed will go down as one of the greatest. The present Charlton Athletic manager, who was gassed during the 1914 War, gave the Spurs great service, helping them win the Cup in 1921 before passing on to the Wednesday.

At the time he was considered finished as a star, but Seed proved his greatness by pulling the Sheffield club out of the danger area and making them League Champions for the two following seasons!

So popular did Jimmy become in Sheffield that I actually saw a brand of jam named after him.

Their present skipper at Sheffield Wednesday H.Q. is my friend Ted Catlin. He succeeded another international, Ernie Blenkinsop, in the Wednesday and England side, and there is a very interesting story behind this unusual state of affairs.

As a boy, Catlin, who lived at Middlesbrough, went along to see the locals play against the Wednesday. Blenkinsop, then at the height of his fame, caught young Catlin's eye, and, turning to his father, he said, "One day I'm going to be a great player like Blenkinsop."

Years later, when Catlin joined the Wednesday, he mentioned this to Blenkinsop. The then England captain began to coach Catlin, passing on his own great skill, and eventually Ted took over from Ernie in the Wednesday senior side. He's still doing great work.

The Wednesday are now training many young local lads for the games ahead, and Ted Catlin and his colleagues are training them well. The team-spirit first developed by the cricket club many years ago is still prevalent among the men of the famous Sheffield team.

By John Allen

Send your—
Stories, Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Yes, we agree.
Really snappy
gloves Virginia Gil-
more is wearing.
What's that?
Your'e not inter-
ested in gloves?

Dear, dear.



Head I win . . .
Tail you lose—
if you're not
careful



Gosh, I've dropped another stitch. I'll NEVER get
this finished before Dad comes home on leave.



This England

A delightful view so very
English. Rounding up the
sheep at Crediton, Devon



"And why the heck can't
a dog blow it's own trumpet,
anyway?"



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Looks a bit of a
'twist'
to me."

